HOME LIFE OF THE CIRCUS.

SCHOOLBOOKS IN USE ON THE EDGE OF THE TANBARK.

Women Who Trim Their Own Hats and Make Fine Laces—Even Have Their Own Club—Vain Efforts to Keep the Children Out of the Life—Marry Young.

Neither the elephant practising the wedding march from Lohengrin on a guitar, the woman with the iron jaw asking her husband why he was up late the night before, nor the Norwegian skiddoocer skeeing down a steep incline could possibly rival in attraction the little group that you might see some morning if you happened around when the circus was in town.

This little group is composed of the circus children and is of assorted sizes, sexes and ages. They are unlike in many ways but alike in their grace of movement and their alert attention and interested looks. Sometimes they are seated on the edge of the ring, while a clown harangues them from some swinging hoops. Again, the ringmaster may stand in front of them in a far off corner out of the path of practising steeds or an aerial performer may take half an hour from his work to brush up his mathematics in their society.

Travelling on the road all the year 'round, except for a few odd weeks in the winter, if it were not for the improvised school the children of the circus performers would get scarcely any instruction worth the name.

A GRIP OF PEACE.

As it is, though the locality may change nothing is allowed to interfere with this duty that the whole outfit of men and women accept as part of their daily routine. Rewards and punishments are rigorously given, and to stand well in his class is, in the eyes of the circus child, a much greater ambition than to be able to do handsprings and cartwheels.

Their sums are done laboriously while loop the loop thrillers are practising near by. While the country children for miles around are running away from their lessons in order to be allowed to carry pails of water all day for the camels and tigers the circus children, on the contrary, are sitting, heads bent over their books, oblivious to their surroundings.

Even when the circus reaches New York for a prolonged stay and the routine of the life on the road is changed for the temporary existence of hotels and boarding houses, the education of the young is not neglected and in a corner of the big dressing room or at the rooms of one of the mothers the little classes meet as usual.

This is only one phase of the domestic life of the circus folk. In a box at Madison Square Garden one morning recently, when the scrubwomen were at work plying brooms and dusters, one after another of the feminine performers who happened to stroll in added her testimony to the domestic happiness of the circus folk. Sometimes their words were emphasized by those of a father, son or brother who joined in the talk, but all agreed on one point—that there was little disaffection in the ranks, that the sacredness of family life was a great factor in their existence and that envy, hatred and all uncharitableness were practically unknown.

One of the acrobats, a pretty young woman gowned in a springlike creation that looked like a walking mass of hyacinths, says that if there is anything in the world she loves it is not standing at a dizzy height on the head of a pyramid of masculine athletes, but trimming hats.

"All I have to do," she says, "is to get one good look at a hat and I can copy it so the maker wouldn't know the difference. It's a good thing," she adds, "that there are no copyrights on hats. If there were I'd be doing time."

"I couldn't make a hat that a camel would wear," another breaks in, "but if you'll wait here until I run around the corner to my lodging I'll bring back a lot of lace that I've done that'll raise feelings of hatred in your heart."

When she returns she has a box of exquisite lace effects, sheer as cobwebs and as intricate in design. She introduces a Battenberg tea table cover and doilies and some Irish point for a collar and cuff set, a couple of lingerie waists covered with dainty embroidery and a bedspread.

"I did all these on the road and that's one reason why I hate to come back to New York. We are all upset having to live around in houses the way we do. When we are on tour we have such regular lives that we seem to have plenty of time for sewing."

There is a noise and clatter of Roman chariots out for a test, a chorus of canine barks and the sharp instructions of an animal trainer given in a raucous voice.

The circus women listen to it as unheeding as the children learning their lessons. To them the Garden is more or less of a disappointment only in that it offers no special spot for the real duties of life—which are apparently not put down in the programme.

"When we are travelling and each one has a certain amount of space allotted in the sleeping car we get so used to having everything we want right where we can put our hands on it that we really miss that mode of life," she continues, packing up her laces neatly. "As soon as we get back from the breakfast in the tent we women sit down and sew, unless we are going into the town to shop or have to rehearse some new number."

The majority of the circus women, it was learned, make their own costumes which are used in the show, many of them their entire wardrobe—show as well as street and house gowns. If you see one of the fair equestriennes on the street with a specially beautiful hand embroidered linen gown on, ten chances to one she not only made the suit but embroidered it.

"It is really pitiful," says Mrs. Louise Stickney, a somersault rider, "how the women of the circus love the little domestic things that other women take either as a matter of course or find unbearably monotonous. When we get to New York or to some other large city where we make a stay of a week or two, the first thing we do is to look about for some place where we can do light housekeeping, get our own coffee in the morning and poach an egg if we want to at noon. We just love to fool with a gas stove and a chafing dish. On the road the catering is taken care of, everything possible is provided and there is no excuse for intruding into the well regulated kitchen tent, and if it were not for these intervals we'd forget all we ever knew.

"Many a night after the show here in town, instead of going around to some nearby restaurant, we gather together in some one of the lodging houses where we have taken quarters and get up a real home cooked supper. You'd be surprised, too, to find out how well we can do things that are supposed to be the accomplishment only of the woman who has never known any other life but that of the home."

As Mrs. Stickney speaks she is stroking the dark hair of little Bob, a representative of the third generation that has been in the circus business.

"He is going into the 'legitimate,'" she says pridefully. "His father and I have decided, and so next season he will not go on the road, but will be left with some relatives and have his voice trained. We think he will make a fine comedian. Most of the fathers and mothers say when the child is young that they don't want him to stay in the circus but to start out on a new line of work, usually the legitimate, for they don't want to get away from the stage life entirely, but the spare time of the child is spent in the circus, he begins to turn somersaults, to try the trapeze, to practise falling on his back in the net—one of the first lessons—to ride and train, and the first thing they know the career is already plainly marked out and it is too late to change. The only way to do is to keep the child away from the circus entirely."

The woman's club movement has its representation in the circus, where a feminine society which rejoices under the rather poetic nomenclature of "The Shamrock and Rose" flourishes. The management has given it a small green tent and chairs, which are carried about the country with the rest of the equipment and set up at convenient range from the other quarters. Here after the afternoon show the women meet for a cup of 5 o'clock tea and occasionally a mere man is invited.

The youthful appearance of the circus celebrity never fails to elicit a word of astonishment. One woman explains, with a pretty blush of appreciation for the compliment on her girlish looks:

"You see we mature early, much earlier than the ordinary child. We are little men and women when our contemporaries are guarded from everything that will tend to make them seem 'grown up.' As soon as a child realizes the sense of responsibility, its real playtime is over. With us it is no unusual thing for a girl to marry at 16." Dolly Julian, who is billed as the youngest somersault rider in the world, and who does not look a day over 17, admits that she has been a wife for two or more years.

One of the older men tells how his daughter was brought up with the idea that she must marry outside the circus.

"When people used to tell me that Nelly was a pretty girl and that if I didn't look out I'd lose her soon I used to say: 'It's all right so long as she doesn't marry a showman.' But she did, for propinquity explains nine out of ten of these marriages. We travel as one big family and have no life to speak of outside of the tents; then one day a young boy and girl get married, and so it goes."

"The country home," said another young couple, "is the ideal of us all. We may seem to be wrapped up in the profession and to have no other ambition but to do our stunts a little better than any one else could possibly do them, but in reality we are all thinking and dreaming of the time when we can cut ourselves adrift from the circus life and settle down in some quiet home."

Some of the circus people have already achieved this ambition, although their strenuous life is still going on and the time of the long vacation has not yet come.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Silborn have a California home in Oakland and the La Montts have property there too. Dolly Julian and Fred Ledyard, her husband, have invested in property at Coney Island, as have the Sieberts, who have a home and riding academy there. Dennie Ryan and Ouika Meeks, his wife, have a charming place in Waterbury, Conn.; many of the executive staff live in Bridgeport in places of their own. Slivers, the clown, lives with his wife and baby in a Harlem flat and says he prefers it to any other place on earth.

The sight of Fred La Montt, the wire performer and acrobat, teaching some of the young boys rather thrilling performances on the slack wire brings the question around to the feeling of wife and mother who sees her husband or child essaying some of these daring feats.

"As far as the husbands are concerned," said one, voicing the rest, "I don't think a woman in the circus ever feels any uneasiness, no matter how daring the feat, for she has learned to have perfect confidence in him, owing to his years of work and her own knowledge of his capabilities. She thinks no more of it than a domestic woman would of the chance of her husband being run over by an automobile at a particularly dangerous crossing. But with the children, young in experience, daring and to a certain extent undisciplined, there is always a feeling of relief when the stunt is over.

"Perhaps that is one reason, too, why we are glad when New York State is reached, where the children are not allowed to perform as they are out in most of the other States."

Positively the only crumpled rose leaf in this picture of domestic bliss was found in the freak room, where the giant and one of the midgets had been having a little tiff owing to a joke the giant had made, in an unfeeling moment, concerning the love affairs of the midget.

"But it's all blown over now," they both admitted, shaking hands, "and we're part of the happy family once again."

The giant could not speak too flatteringly of the arrangements made for his personal comfort when on the road.

"I have two whole berths thrown into one and everybody is just as kind to me as if I were the whole show instead of only being half or three-quarters.

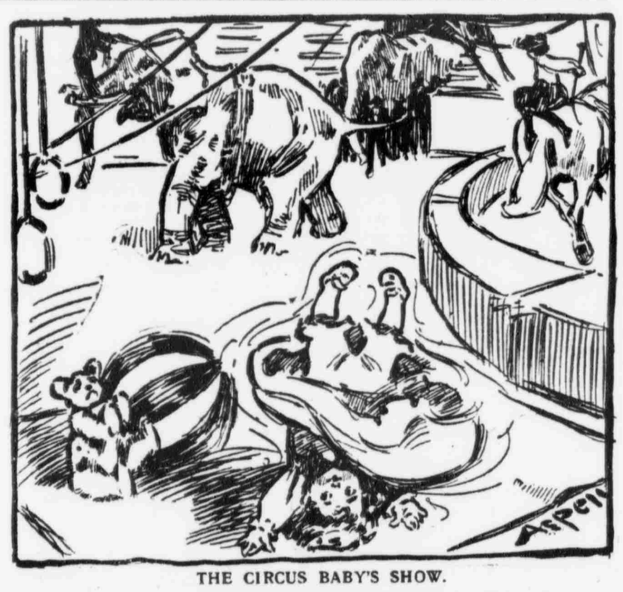
"I shall be sorry to say good-by to the circus folk, for we've been good pals, but," and he gives a sigh that the people passing the Garden think is a dynamite explosion in the Thirty-fourth street tunnel, "a playwright must go where his manager conducts.

"I just threw off a little playlet called 'Jack the Giant Killer,' and have been asked to give it at Drury Lane Theatre this coming summer. I am also dramatizing 'Gulliver's Travels.'"

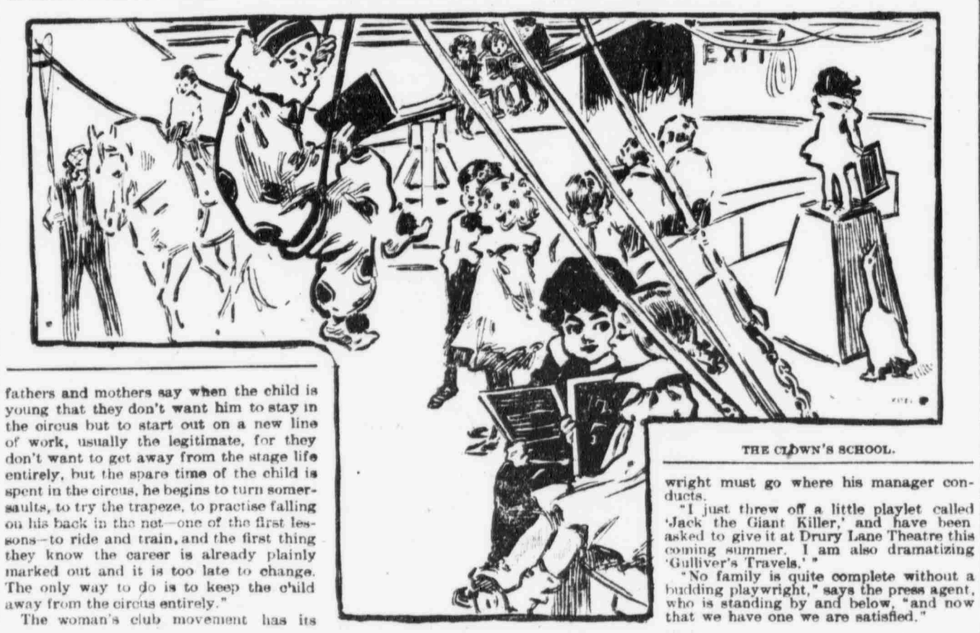
"No family is quite complete without a budding playwright," says the press agent, who is standing by and below, "and now that we have one we are satisfied."

SEWING FOR THE FUTURE HOME.

THE CIRCUS TEA CLUB AND THE GUEST OF HONOR.



THE CIRCUS BABY'S SHOW.



THE CLOWN'S SCHOOL.

THE SILENCE ROOM.

It's a New Boston Idea—The House of Peace Is Another.

BOSTON, April 6.—This town is exactly what THE SUN called it: "Nurse of so many doubts and strange religions."

Hens sometimes raise ducklings, cats bring up squirrels and there are stories of dogs that have mothered kittens; and Boston welcomes the whole assortment of religions.

The newspapers here have to set up the headline "A New Psychological Departure" so often that the compositors can do it with their eyes shut. They did it once again recently and this time the new P. D. was a silence room.

They spell it with capitals in Boston, but they're very apt to spell things with capitals here, anyway. The silence room is at the Metaphysical Club, and as it was announced that sittings were permitted even to non-members, THE SUN correspondent decided to brave the silence in its room to the extent of one sitting, at any rate.

There are a few streets in Boston more noisy than the one upon which the Metaphysical Club is situated, but not many. Hence when the seeker after a sitting inquired if he might taste the joys of the silence room for a time, he expected to be shown into an inner sanctuary of some sort where the rude clang of the common world could not penetrate.

"I came in," he explained, "to see if I could sit in your silence room—that is, I heard you had one—but if it's somewhere else——"

"Oh, no!" said the middle aged dame who had sidled up to the visitor. "It's right in there. I'll see if you can go in at once. It may be"—her voice sank to an impressive whisper—"that it is already occupied.

"Mrs. Blank, here's some one wants to go into the silence room. Yes, I said I didn't know whether it was occupied. There was a lady—but maybe she's gone now.

"We'll see!" she whispered to THE SUN person, at the same time pressing into his hand a card which Mrs Blank had given her. It was a card of admission to the room in question and was to be "returned to the desk" when the sitter had sat as long as he or she wanted to.

The woman who had taken the visitor in charge tiptoed to a door and, placing her ear at the crack, listened intently. Whether she expected to hear the sitter or the silence she did not explain.

Evidently she heard neither, for she opened the door stealthily and tiptoed around a screen which was placed just inside. THE SUN person followed.

It was an ordinary front room, opening with big glaring windows onto Huntington avenue, the street above mentioned. Outside an unending procession of trolleys whanged and banged by, motors honked and trains choo-chooed in the middle distance.

A nice looking young woman rose from one of a row of chairs in the middle of the room, picked up her Boston bag and made as if to depart.

Though there wasn't another soul around, the three persons now in the room whispered back and forth, the newcomers protesting against disturbing the original sitter, who declared in a strident whisper that she was ready to stop sitting. Probably she was!

Anyhow, she went, and THE SUN person took one of the straight hard chairs, turned his back on the glare as much as he could and fixed his wandering gaze on the remarkable object which filled one whole side of the room.

It was a painting in an enormous gilt frame, and flanked by the folds of a violet velvet curtain, which evidently covers the precious canvas at times and at others is drawn away in order that the auto suggestions contained in the painting may soak into the mind of the beholder.

In the centre is a golden brown sphere, from which sprouts an enormous pair of conventionalized wings of a pale lavender hue, the whole having for background an expanse of light turquoise blue paint. Upon each feather of each wing is painted in gold letters some such motto as these: "I am Love," "I am Power," "I am Strong," "I am All in All," "In Peace is Health."

THE SUN person blinked at the gold letters on the lavender feathers on the turquoise background, while outside the cars clanged and the autos honked and the engines choo-chooed, and on the other side of the partition wall Mrs. Blank and her metaphysical cronies talked and talked and talked. It was a great sitting.

THE SUN person thinks now of joining the Peace Circle at the House of Peace, another of Boston's nurselings. The House of Peace is doing settlement work in a slummy sort of district. But it is doing it in a metaphysical way.

Miss McGee is the presiding angel, and she knows all the long words that you don't and can put them together in twos and fours that make the ordinary brain reel.

At the House of Peace they have "rest rooms for students of spiritual realization and affirmative living." But the greatest stunt is their Peace Circle, with which their neighborhood class closes its meetings. People who go to this class tiptoe in—just as into the silence room—and take chairs in a semi-circle.

Nobody "ain't sayin' nothin'." Miss McGee sits at the head of the class because she's it. When she's afraid she's going to sneeze she offers a few peaceful remarks in a low tone and reads something from the Bible, generally from St. John, who is regarded as the patron saint of the would-be peaceful, because in his book are found Christ's words: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you."

At the close of the class the Peace Circle gets in its work. The members are said to "gather in profound silence." But THE SUN person would want a guarantee with any silence bearing the metaphysical trademark.

"With closed eyes," says the same authority, "they sit and send thoughts of peace and love out into the turbulent district around them. This is known in the neighborhood as the 'silent influence.'"

Thus does Boston brood over her changelings, her "doubts and strange religions."

MRS. EDDY ON BABIES.

Daily Baths for Little Ones Neither Natural Nor Necessary, She Said.

Mrs. Clapp, who was at one time an amanuensis for Mary Baker G. Eddy, and who has been confiding her recollections of that experience to Georgine Milmine of *McClure's* magazine, believes that she copied one of the early drafts of "Science and Health." She recalls many passages, and remembers her amusement in copying the following passage, which now occurs on page 413 of "Science and Health":

"The daily ablutions of an infant are no more natural or necessary than would be the process of taking a fish out of water every day and covering it with dirt in order to make it thrive more vigorously thereafter in its native element."

After Mrs. Clapp had finished copying the manuscript, Mrs. Glover took it to Boston to find a publisher. Six hundred dollars, cash in advance, was the only condition on which a publisher would undertake to get out the book, and Mrs. Glover returned to Stoughton and vainly besought Mrs. Wentworth to mortgage the farm to raise money.

THIS FIRE ANGEL GIVES IT UP.

DR. LILLIAN M. THOMAS FORCED OUT BECAUSE A WOMAN.

She Likes Going to Fires and She Has Been Ministering to the Injured, but Now She Finds Herself a Victim of the Prejudice Against Women in the Fire Lines.

The "Angel of the New York Fire Department" has unscrewed her wings and is busy packing them away in moth balls and newspaper articles. Dr. Lillian M. Thomas, for that is the name by which this particular angel is known on this mundane planet, declares that in spite of the fact that she had rather go to fires than do anything else she ever heard or dreamed of, she must, at least for the time being, pursue a more lucrative calling.

"I have been going to fires all my life," Dr. Thomas said. "I was born in Louisville, Ky., and was sent abroad soon after I was 5 years old.

"Within that year—I don't know just how soon after our arrival in Vienna—my old black mammy had the police force of the city searching for me high and low. She insisted that I had been kidnapped, feeling sure I would not have run away from her of my own free will.

"After several hours search I was discovered at a big fire, then raging on the outskirts of the city. Punished? You know how negro mammies punish their nurselings. I don't remember what she did to me, but I know it didn't cure me of going to fires.

"If she refused to take me she knew I would run away. As a result she let me have my own way, and in time became about as keen for the fire alarms as I was.

"After taking my degree in Vienna I returned to this country, and while taking a course at the Lying-in Hospital attended my first fire in New York. I had on my regulation fire clothes, the suit I had worn abroad, and attracted considerable attention. One gentleman, a spectator, was so surprised that he asked my name.

"When he found out who I was and that my object was to be of service as a physician, that I was not there from curiosity, he was so pleased that he insisted on my coming to see him. He was an elderly man; and as I could see that he was a gentleman, I accepted his invitation indefinitely.

"The next day, much to my surprise, I was called up on the telephone by his wife, who insisted that I should come to dinner that night. I found them a charming family, all deeply interested in fires and the fire department of the city. Those were my first acquaintances in this part of the world and by meeting their friends I have kept in a nest of fire fiends, as some one has called us.

"I have attended most of the large fires in New York during the last five years and in many of them feel that I have been of service. My fire suit consists of bloomers, a red sweater, a short black skirt, rubber coat, rubber boots and rubber hat.

"I always take my surgeon's satchel, of course, and see that it is completely equipped. Indeed that is my first duty on returning from a fire where I have had occasion to open it. However tired I may be, before I allow myself a moment's rest that satchel has to be made ready for the next call.

"In the majority of cases my work has been among firemen. There are few fires of importance at which all the firemen get off uninjured. Being there on the spot I give them the first assistance and often see them through the illness that sometimes follows. I have treated persons taken from the burning buildings and had several thrilling experiences and narrow escapes myself, but my particular aim is to look out for the boys who are fighting the fire.

"I usually stand just within the fire lines in front of the burning building where I can see all that happens. The ambulances are not allowed there and few doctors care to take such an exposed position. But it is the place that suits me best, for I don't care a rap for the spectacular side of the fire. I don't care how high the flames leap. I am there to look out for the fire boys, and down there I can see and know just what each boy is doing.

"While I notice a great improvement in the methods of fighting fires in New York, still even now at best the fireman takes his life in his hands. Why, only a few months ago at a fire down on Grand street nine of them were blown off the fire escapes, trying to enter the burning building, by the back draught. That is the great black, death dealing monster of the fireman's life. A back draught is about the deadliest thing a man can encounter when he is fighting flames.

"I was the first doctor on the spot at that fire and I worked for thirty-six hours at a stretch. There was plenty to do for us all, and I know that many a man who would have said a woman had no business at a fire was glad to feel a woman's hand wrapping bandages and doing what could be done to lessen his pain.

"Oh, there are plenty of them, the fire boys, who say a fire is no place for a woman. I don't see why not. Look at the women on the battlefields.

"There was a time when only men were allowed. Women's nerves were supposed to be too delicately strung to endure the sight of intense pain and bloodshed. Gradually the women pushed into the camp hospitals; now they go out with the men doctors and nurses on the field.

"I contend that wherever there is danger to human life and a possibility of suffering women should be allowed to go. I don't mean any and all sorts of women, of course, but women trained to the work, preferably women who love the work.

"I love the fire work. I have been through the mill getting my training, yet I know that it is impossible for me to get a place in the Fire Department as a physician, simply because I am a woman.

"If I was a man and cared for the work simply as a means to earn a living I might have a chance, but being a woman neither my interest nor my proved fitness has the slightest weight. It is impossible.

"I'm small and I'm young and feminine looking, but nothing scares me. Why, down at a fire on Wooster street when the back draft was the worst I have ever seen I was the first doctor on the field and the last to leave. One man broke down and had to be taken off. It didn't faze me. After it was all over I was tired, of course, but I was far from breaking down.

"That fire was in a celluloid comb factory. The celluloid caused an explosion. It was terrific and there was more than one fireman who we thought would never be brought back to consciousness. It was tough work, but I came out in as good condition as any of the men.

"Then there was another East Side fire where the walls collapsed and we dug nine bodies out of the ruins. Seven were dead, but there was a spark of life left in the two others and I was the first doctor to to reach them. The hospital ambulances are prompt and stay until the end of the fire, or until they have been sent back with a patient; the doctors of the department are at their posts, but I have always found enough to keep me busy.

"It was a work of love with me and I should be only too thankful if I could devote my life to it, but it is necessary now for me to earn my own living. There is nothing to be made within the fire lines by a woman, so I must look elsewhere. I took my doctor's degree in Vienna, but of course until I have taken the required supplementary course here I cannot get a license to practise medicine.

"No, I don't expect to try for a place in the Fire Department when I become a full fledged New York physician. The prejudice is too great and I don't see the use of attempting the impossible. I have never taken any interest in the women suffragists, simply because I haven't had time. I have been so busy doing the work along my line that there has been no time for anything outside. Of course I think women should vote. If we have to work and pay taxes why shouldn't we vote?

"As I am forced out by the supposed inequality of men and women I suppose I'll begin to think about the subject and in time join the suffragists in their fight for the ballot."

STORY OF A DESERTED CAMP.

Mysterious Stranger Who Cares for Graves of Early California Miners.

From the Washington Post.

One of the old residents of California is Jeremiah Van Horn, who is now a retired merchant and spends his time in travelling. He is full of tales of the State and last night told one of an old mining camp near Marysville, Cal.

"Near the town of Marysville," said he, "there is an old mining camp, now deserted. On a hillside lie the bodies of fifty miners. Their resting places are fenced in and a few hardy flowers bloom in the spring, only to dry and wither in the summer. No name is to be seen on the rude headboards. But one man—himself as unknown to the people of the region as the dead men below—knows the secret of the graves.

"About Eastertide of each year this man—now aged and somewhat bent, but with vigor still in his walk—appears from out of the mysterious East. He arrives at Marysville, hires a conveyance, and visits the graves of three of the old timers. There is nothing of the miner about him. He is prosperous and perhaps wealthy. His clothing is of the city cut. His gray beard is well trimmed and his gold rimmed glasses hide a pair of shrewd blue eyes. His business is to look after the graves. He straightens up the fence, waters the thirsty plants and when everything is shipshape spends a half hour in looking over the valley and the hills. Then, jumping into his carriage, he returns to Marysville, takes the train to San Francisco, and is lost for another year in the solitude of civilization.

"Who is he? What tie binds him to the three men whose bodies long ago crumbled into dust? Was he himself one of the Argonauts, bound by ties closer than those of blood to the trio upon whom the winter rains have fallen for half a century? Great is the curiosity of the people of Marysville. They watch him narrowly on his annual pilgrimages, and some the forward ones have made bold to question him. He has always turned them away with courtesy and strict reserve. They do not even know his name or station, but they marvel much over what they believe to be an example of brotherly love and affection that stretches over many decades and never forgets the past."

Severe Winter on European Game.

Prague correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

Sportsmen are in despair over the stories which are reaching them of the havoc wrought among the wild game by the extraordinarily rigorous and protracted winter. Throughout the forest districts of Bohemia, Moravia and South Germany wild deer, hares and partridges have suffered severely. In some parts the hares are almost extinct, and thousands of partridges have succumbed to cold and hunger.

The larger game have become so weak that it is doubtful whether many of them can keep alive until spring brings green food. Then there is the further danger that in their famished condition they may eat too greedily of the fresh vegetation and suffer accordingly.

Hence the sporting prospects for next season are by no means hopeful. For with probably greatly diminished bags the sportsman will have to pay much higher prices for shootings, the owners having increased the rents, sometimes as much as 100 per cent., over last season's figures.

Dick Turpin's Oak.

From the London Evening Standard.

In lopping off a branch of the old oak known as "Turpin's Oak," which stands at the corner of a lane leading into the Great North Road nearly opposite the gates of Finchley Cemetery, several pistol bullets were found embedded in the wood.

In the records of Dick Turpin's trial at York it is mentioned that it was at this spot that he, with Tom King, robbed the Royal Mail in 1724 of £300.

Not So Sure.

From the Pacific Outlook.

Golfer (who rather fancies himself)—I suppose you've been 'round the links with worse players than me, eh? (The caddie takes no notice.)

Golfer (in his loudest voice)—I say, I suppose you've been 'round the links with worse players than me, eh?

Caddie—I heard verra weel what ye said. I'm just thinkin' aboot it.

Hereditary Barbers.

Easton correspondence Philadelphia Record.

A wonderful family of barbers is that of Benjamin M. Youells, who lives at Easton and who, although 87 years old, still wields a razor.

Of his nine children, all of whom are living, the three sons are barbers and two of his six daughters can handle a razor as skilfully as a man.

The other four daughters married barbers.

Nine of his eleven grandchildren are barbers, and his seven great-grandchildren say they will become knights of the razor.

Great Stunt by Geronimo.

From Outing.

In a single day Geronimo, when in his prime, ran forty miles on foot, rode 800 miles on one stretch, as fast as he could change horses, and so completely wore out the column which finally captured him that three sets of officers were needed to finish the chase, and not more than one-third of the troopers who started were in at the finish.

Wrinkled and crafty and cruel is his swarthy face to-day, but the fire of his infernal energy has died and he is no more than a relic of the Geronimo of whom Gen. Miles said after their first meeting:

"He rode into our camp and dismounted, a prisoner. He was one of the brightest, most resolute, determined men I ever met, with the sharpest, clearest dark eye. Every movement showed power and energy."